

Life at Vault 777

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Summary: Safety...it's a safe haven from the dangers lurk outside.

Vault 777...is our safe haven...but it isn't always safe when unpredictable dangers that occasionally occur in the vault or outside the vault whether it's radroaches or raiders. Enter Dante...that's me...as I tell you my life in Vault 777 and the adventures in the wastelands. (Self-insert)

1. The life of Vault 777

(A/N: Fallout Shelter from Bethesda. Awesome game! I still play it as the overseer of my vault 777. That's right. For those who don't know, you play the role as an overseer of whatever vault you come up with and it's your job to make the residents of your vault happy and make sure they are safe from harm like raiders, mole rats and death claws. Be sure they work start gathering resources for the vault if they want to live and have them explore the wasteland to get weapons, outfits (be sure they are well equipped if you want them to live longer). Sounds simple right? Wrong. Dangers can occur randomly and you never know what's going to happen unless you expect it coming. Wow...I'm talking so much about the game I haven't even started the story. Hype is real. Anyway, this is a story for that awesome game and don't let the picture fool you. This game contains blood and gore, alcohol use, lemons and strong language. I don't own Fallout Shelter but my OCS from the game. The picture you see is me in the game.)

Chapter 1

(Dante's pov)

August 20, 2280. California

My name is Dante. I'm a Caucasian/Hispanic living at a vault called vault 777. I live with my mom and dad as I'm the only child in the family near the overseer's office. The overseer is another thing I should mention...he's my grandpa. He's a bit of...nut. the religious

kind. Thankfully he is not a psycho like kill innocents for religious purpose but um...how do I say this...? He takes mutated animals and make them docile from a substance he made. They occasionally pass by the vault and would sometimes act as guards for the vault but would never hostile unless provoked. Sounds bullshit right? I wish it was.

Anyway, today I finished taking the G.O.A.T my teacher had me take so I can get a job in the vault and I see him with a smile on his face after he finished looking through my test.

"Physician. What an interesting job."

"A doctor?" I ask.

"Of course. You'll be God's lifesaver." Mr. Johnson said with a smile.

"Thanks. Something my dad can show me the ropes on doing." I smiled.

My dad is also a Physician. He learned medicine from my grandpa when dad was young. Not sure what dad's age at the time but he was young that's all I can say.

"Like father like son. Good luck on your new job and god bless you." He says.

"Thanks. You too, Mr. Johnson." I waved at him and went to my room.

I decided to do some studying on medicine when Mom shows up with a smile.

"Hello, Dante. How was the test?" She asks me.

"I get to become a physician like dad." I said as I looked at mom with a smile.

"Congratulations."

"Thanks. Where's dad?" I suddenly asked.

"He's talking to grandpa. I'm not sure he wants to be interrupted."

"But it's a big thing! I want to tell him that I'm getting the same job as him." I sighed.

"I know, sweetie, but-"

She didn't finished when dad shows up with a smile.

"Hey, son. Heard you're going to become a physician."

"Yeah, dad! I get to become a doctor like you!" I smiled at him.

"That's great, son. We'll start your job tomorrow and I'll show you how to use medicine." He said as he pat my shoulder.

Sounds fun, right? No. 4 years later was when things got really serious. One of our explorers came back with bite mark from a Gecko who gave the Explorer one hell of a radiation to the point where giving him rad-away was not going to help at all. So my father had to amputate the Explorer's arm cause his arm was getting into it's mutation stage in order to stop it from going through his entire body. It was not a pretty sight for me to see cause this was my first time seeing blood and seeing a limb cut off but I kept my composure and helped my dad on the operation. Dad had to replace the Explorer's arm with a synthetic one after doing some things to prevent blood loss as I just watched my Dad's handiwork.

"There. That should do it. John? Move your new arm so we can see if it works."

John moves his synthetic arm as I see that arm moving from the signal it's receiving from the brain.

"Good. Now get some rest. Next time, bring plenty of rad-aways and rad-x to prevent this happening again. Got it?" Dad says as he takes off his gloves.

"I will, Doc. That's your kid?"

"Yes. This is his first time doing this kind of operation so he's trying his best to be a better physician."

"Yeah? Wish him luck. It can be a nasty job." John said as he got on the bed.

He wasn't lying. It's a nasty job when taking care of patients.

"Your kid might be assigned to explore with the others. All he needs is some protection, some training and he is good to go." John said as he stretched a bit.

"Exploring?" I ask.

"John's team are more like scavengers but they explore ruins to find some materials and gear we need to survive. But it's a dangerous job to do cause of the mutated animals and raiders roaming around outside the vault."

"We don't take too long to get what we need so it's not all too risky...well...that's if we're lucky." John sighs.

"No kidding. A herd of Geckos? That's crazy...you're lucky you got here on time or you'd turn to a ghoul." My dad shuddered.

"Thank god too. Anyway...I got to go. My wife might need help on-"

"Oh no you don't. You need some rest. Too much stress is not good for the body." I said.

"You heard him. You explored for hours and need some rest. Wouldn't want you getting exhausted for working again." Dad said as he removed his surgeon mask.

"Okay, kid. If you insist. And hey...I'm looking forward to seeing you in the expedition team." John said with a smile as he walked to the elevator.

"Great job, son. We saved a patient from the blink of death."

"Is it okay if I become explorer like John?" I asked Dad.

"Well like John said, all you need is training and protection if you want to go out there in the wasteland. It's not safe there and an untrained explorer can be killed before he even knows it. John lost a friend of his cause of that mistake."

"Oh..."

"Don't worry, son. You'll get your chance to be with John...for now...it's best you stay in the vault." He said as he pat my shoulder.

"Okay, dad..." I sighed.

2. Training

Chapter 2

(Dante's pov)

1 hour later

I was having my break at the cafeteria eating some food as this girl...what's her name...Denise? Yeah that's her name...sits next to me as we started having a conversation. She's old friend of mine from class and always loved studying science on her free time.

"So Dante? How was work as a Physician?" Denise asks me.

"Crazy. Today was my first time helping my dad on an operation of John's condition. I rather not go into details cause you don't have the stomach for this kind of thing." I said as I finished eating my burger.

"Yikes. What happened?"

"Radiation in the arm." I sighed.

"Oh...that explains the new arm." Denise said rather uncomfortable.

"Yeah..."

"I hear it was from those golden geckos my mother told me about. Their bites can give you nasty radiations if you don't have your medications with you."

"That may be possible. He's lucky he got here on time otherwise he'd...turn." I shuddered.

"Yeah...radiation can do that to a person."

"**Master Dante. Your grandfather has suggested you get to training as soon as possible.**"

That's Manfred. The type 1 Mister Handy. My grandpa's personal robot. He pretty much helps my grandpa keep this vault in top shape.

"I got to go, Denise. I got some training to do so I can defend myself from dangers. Glad we talked." I smiled as I got out of my seat.

"Okay, Dante." She smiled back.

I went down the elevator and went to the armory to get a weapon as Lieutenant Gutsy hovers towards me.

"**There you are. You are only authorized to take small arms for your target practice. Failure to follow the overseer's rule will be shot in sight. That is your first and only warning. Do I make myself clear, maggot?**"

That's Lieutenant Gutsy. Head of the Mister Gutsy army of Vault 777. This robot doesn't take shit from no one and can fuck your life up if you don't follow the rules...a poor arrogant fool learned that the hard way. Want to know where his body was? ...right...there was no body. Nothing but goop. That's how powerful the plasma weapons Mr. Gutsy models have. I think my grandpa found him in the Commonwealth before he became overseer all damaged up when Lieutenant Gutsy was on a killing frenzy. I'm surprised grandpa managed to fix that machine good as new despite the damages it had.

(A/N: Now I know Mr. Gutsy is not in the game. Yet. But he deserves some attention, Dammit!)

"Yes, sir." I said with seriousness.

"**Good. Dismissed.**" He said as he hovered somewhere near the armory.

I walked to the target range and there was two energy weapons that were left for me. An amplified laser pistol and a scattered institute pistol. Grandpa was a fanatic for tech and use them to help us fend ourselves from the dangers of the wastelands. I'm not even if he has connections with the brotherhood of steel but I swear this vault was starting to feel like a brother of steel HQ. So I start practicing those pistols and let me tell you...it was hard to wield sort of but after a couple of tries of me shooting with those pistols, I got the hang of it.

"Getting the hang of it?" I heard a familiar voice.

I stopped shooting and I see my grandpa smiling at me. Michaelangelo Abate. 79 year old overseer of Vault 777. He's quite the religious man and is always fond of technology whether it's old or not.

"Hey, pa. Yeah...I'm getting the hang of it." I smiled.

"Let me be the judge of that." He said as he started examining the target boards.

After examining it a bit, my grandpa looked impressed.

"You got sloppy on your first two shots but managed to get a hang of that once you steadied your aim. Hears some advice. Workout. You need some muscle if you want to hold your weapons more firm."

"You sure that helps?" I asked.

"Of course! How do you think your friend, Brandon, got a hold of those nice weapons? He's been working out. Trust me, Dante. If someone not strong carried a heavy weapon or not have a good firm grip on firearms, you pay the consequences."

"Fine...you convinced me." I chuckled.

"Good." Grandpa said as he walked to the elevator.

He wasn't joking. If it weren't for his advice, I'd be shooting my foot by accident. So that's what I did after I did some a couple shots on the target board. As I went to the gym and began lifting weights.

"Dante? You too?" I heard Denise ask.

I look behind me and I see Denise in gym uniform about to pick up some weights.

"Oh hey, Denise. I wasn't expecting you." I chuckled.

"Neither did I."

"My grandpa told me I have to work out if I have to wield a gun." I sighed as I start lifting weights.

"That's a good advice. The Explorers here are armed to the teeth with nice artillery and mostly come here unscathed." Denise said as she started lifting some weights as well.

"Depends if they don't run into something dangerous."

"Right." Denise said.

...I always asked myself this...is being an explorer exciting?
Maybe...but is it worth the risk? Maybe...

End
file.